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THE MAYFLOWER DEMOCRACY

OLIVER GRAY HALL

KE 2272

To

Mr. Francis S. Thacher

and

Mr. Stephen Thacher,

from

Hattie Von Hall-

THE MAYFLOWER DEMOCRACY

Oliver G. Hall

THE MAYFLOWER DEMOCRACY

THE LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS

OF

OLIVER GRAY HALL

GIVEN BEFORE THE MAINE SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS NOVEMBER, 1913

TOGETHER WITH A
MEMORIAL OF HIS LIFE
BY HATTIE VOSE HALL

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TO

HIS SONS

ARTHUR WHITE HALL

AND

OLIVER LEIGH HALL

AND

HIS GRANDCHILDREN

GWENDOLEN GRAY, HELEN DAVENPORT,
JOHN JARVIS, EDITH ROSAMOND,
STANDISH AND LUCILE DODD PERRY;

ARTHUR FRANCIS, MAURICE AND HELEN HALL;

OLIVER GRAY HALL, 2nd,
MIRIAM ADELAIDE AND LEONORA EDITH HALL.

THE MAYFLOWER DEMOCRACY

[This last public address, undertaken just at the beginning of his illness, but with characteristic pluck carried through, and given at Riverton, was delivered with all his customary ease of manner, and I have never heard him speak more gracefully.—H. V. H.]

Those who are familiar with the stories of the "Arabian Nights," will remember that of the copper jar which was fished out of the sea, from whence rose an influence that spread abroad until the whole earth was affected by its power.

The Mayflower, after her sixty-three days of buffeting with storms, came out of the sea to liberate a principle which has already spread its leaven through half the civilized earth, and with such controlling effect as to make its ultimate conquest of the whole inevitable.

Of all the colonists the Pilgrims established the only system in which the people actually governed themselves.

Pure Democracy had its birth at New Plymouth. Our own state was born as an aristocracy. The

Plymouth colonists were plebeians. The Maine colonists were of the nobility. Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, was godfather of the first attempt to settle Maine; his kinsman, George Popham and his followers, who found the Sagadahoc region too boisterous for their comfort were of the silk-stocking class. They were not accustomed to rough conditions as were the Pilgrims, hence the first birth of Maine was still-born. The directors of the Gorges settlement on the Piscataqua were all noblemen and of the Church of England. They included the Duke of Buckingham, a favorite of King James; the Earls of Pembroke and Lenox; the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the active promoter of the Maine settlement through his son George, who got discouraged and returned to England very soon. His grandson, Ferdinando 2d, finally sold out the Province to the Massachusetts colony for twelve hundred and fifty pounds.

The story of the absorption of our Maine settlements by Massachusetts is an interesting incident in the evolution of the Pilgrim Democracy—the march of robust republican principles. When, in 1692, Maine was united with Massachusetts, the stalwart principles of the Plymouth form of government had already leavened the Puritan system, and it in turn had disseminated the principles of popular government through the regal settlement of Gorges

with its feudal system, and made its conquest easy, for it was a conquest in fact although under an ostensible claim of charter rights. It was the headway of the Democratic and free church ideas of the Massachusetts colonists against the Royalist and State church system which had got a foothold in the Province of Maine. But whatever may have been the cause it was most fortunate for the future of our state that it came under the Puritan jurisdiction. But for its protecting arm the frontier of the United States, on its Northeastern boundary, would, after the Revolution and the treaty of Versailles, have been the Piscataqua River instead of the St. Croix, and Maine would have remained a part of the British Provinces.

There has been much speculation by historians as to the origin of principles which have brought about great changes or eras in human government. Some find the origin of the principles of liberty of conscience in matters of religion in the protest of Martin Luther; others see the beginning of the fight for freedom in the little Puritan parish of Scrooby in England in the time of James the First. John Fiske, with his vigorous power of historic analysis and keen scent for the traces of human aspiration for liberty down the ages, finds the seeds of the planting of New England, sown anew by the Pilgrims, struggling to grow, nine hundred years before the Monk of Wittenberg defied the power of the Pope, and one thousand

before the Pilgrims fled from the despotism of James. He traces the beginnings of New England back to the close of the Roman Empire. Irving in Knickerbocker's History of Dutch New York, by beginning with the fall of Adam, may have been less absurd than he intended to be.

While other nations have grown from unknown seed, ours sprang from the cultured product of an advanced civilization—a band with plebeian names—Bradford, Carver, Brewster, Winslow and the rest—yet "Names," said Goldwin Smith, "to which the roll of Battle Abbey is but a poor record of nobility."

In attempting to discover what civilization owes to the founders of New England, a clear distinction must be made between the New Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay Colonies. While the settlers of both were Puritans, those of Plymouth are known as Pilgrims, and that distinction will be kept in view in this attempt to distinguish the Plymouth brand of Democracy from that of the Bay.

There is a class of writers who would rob both colonies of all credit as the founders of our liberties. Virginia's historians *claim* rather than *prove* credit for that State for the first free government, although it never had manhood suffrage until after Appomattox; and in spite of the fact that a governor, (Berkley) of Virginia, publicly boasted, fifty years after free schools were established in New England, "Thank God we have no free schools in Virginia!"

A historian of Colonial New York devotes much space attempting to prove that the Pilgrim Fathers stole all their ideas of liberty from the Dutch. There can be little doubt that they did bring over some of the ideas of the Dutch among whom they had lived for a dozen years or more. Prof. Mitchell in his recent book "America of the Future" gives credit to the Dutch for ideas of freedom.

A work by a New York lawyer, Douglas Campbell, with immense labor, tries to show that we New Englanders owe nothing whatever to the Fathers for our free institutions, but all to the Dutch, from whom the Pilgrims learned all they knew. But Bancroft is a better authority and he says of the Dutch Colony of New York that "They learned all they knew of self-government of towns, from the New Englanders. And so far as they learned any lessons at all in liberty they came from the same source." We may safely trust to this careful historian.

The day for ridiculing the founders of New England as adventurers who fled from a despotism to become despots themselves, is passing. This did great injustice to the Pilgrims, for in a time of fierce fanaticism and narrowness, they were broad and liberal. It was precisely for this reason that, as Prof. Fiske says, "They fled to lay the corner stone of a free Christian State." The motives which actuated the two colonies, Pilgrim and Puritan,

were radically different. The Pilgrims came to found a Christian State at all hazards, the Puritans on a business venture, although they were deeply religious. The Pilgrims said to Old England, "Good-bye, Babylon, forever!" the Puritans, "Good-by dear Old England and dear Old Church." The Pilgrims wanted nothing more of the old church or church-ruled England; the Puritans still wanted the old church but without its ceremonies, its forms, its vestments. They believed also in a church-governed state.

To have some adequate conception of the character of the Pilgrims and the reasons for their endurance under the awful misfortunes of their first years, we must recall the appalling conditions prevailing throughout the civilized world that they had left. It had been just 100 years when according to the present accepted date the Pilgrims stepped on Plymouth Rock, a significant centennial anniversary, since Martin Luther flung his defiance at Pope Leo X, by burning the Pope's order of ex-communication, an act which opened the bloodiest century of the entire Christan era.

When the Mayflower started on her fateful voyage there was no place on earth, under Christian rule, where a human being could pray to his God in public, unless in a way prescribed by power, without danger of the dungeon, the stake or the rack. There was no peace but to the conscientious conformist or

the hypocrite. All society seethed with religious hate.

William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the chivalrous champion of liberty in the Netherlands where the Pilgrims found a home for thirteen years, had been assassinated. Henry III of France, because he had shown a little tolerance toward Protestants, had been killed. Seventy thousand Protestants had left Bohemia by reason of religious persecution, and their cries were ascending from the Prague as the Pilgrims were hunting along the coast of Cape Cod for a shelter, and a place to found a new and different human society.

In England James I was waging relentless war upon dissenters, whom he had declared only fit to be hanged, and that he would exterminate or "harry out of the kingdom." Even in Holland, whither the Pilgrims had fled for security, Christians were beginning to cut one another's throats over the question of whether people were to be damned for their own sins alone, or for the wickedness of Adam also; and Spain was preparing to renew the religious war on Holland. There was no peace nor good will for men and women of the Pilgrim type of conscience.

Prof. Fiske says, that in this awful condition of society, "Had our forefathers succumbed to the strife, political liberty would probably have disappeared from the world." The "selected grain" was sound. The Pilgrims came, said John Boyle

O'Reilly, in his poem dedicating the Pilgrims' monument,

"Protesting not rebelling, scorned and banned,
Through pains and prisons harried from the land,
Apart from all, unique, unworldly, true.
Selected grain to sow the world anew."

What are some of the results of their sowing?

First.—They established the first true Democracy on earth. Here was the wide distinction between the Pilgrim and the Puritan form of Government. The Puritans, ten years later, established a pure Theocracy. None could become citizens but through the church. The Bay Colony was not only a church-and-state government, but the church *was* the state. None but church members had any voice in the government, but at Plymouth any man of respectable life was a voter.

If vicious and immoral, he forfeited his right to citizenship and became a ward of the colony until he should reform. Why was not that a wise provision? Of all the republics of ancient or modern times it is now conceded by historians that until the Mayflower band made their compact, there never was one founded on the integrity of manhood.

Roger Williams is justly praised for his manly resistance to church intereference in matters of state, but the Pilgrims are entitled to equal credit for that fundamental principle of a true democracy. They

harbored Roger Williams when he was driven from the Puritan colony, and he was taken into their church where he remained until as Gov. Bradford says, "He fell into strange opinions and practices" causing some discontent "on his part," when he left "something abruptly."

It is said, and no doubt correctly, that nothing like the town system of government exists elsewhere than in New England. It is our most characteristic institution,—nothing like it anywhere else in the world. "No feature of our system," says Prof. Fiske, "has had such far-reaching influence on the destiny of the nation as this." Indeed there is nothing precisely like it in our own country outside of New England, I believe. The noted author of "Democracy in America" paid this high tribute to this part of our new system. "It is man who makes monarchies and establishes republics, but the township system of New England seems to have come directly from the hand of God." The value of "town-meeting" has been the theme of highest praise from the most distinguished writers on political economy, one of whom says: "The town meeting was the nursery of American Independence. No other practicable human institution has been devised or conceived to secure the ends of local self government, so felicitous as the town-meeting, the national power and prosperity rest upon the primary meetings, where the duty of the citizen begins."

Jefferson, who tried in vain to have the system established in Virginia, wrote, one hundred and fifty years after Plymouth was settled: "The townships of New England have proved themselves the wisest inventions ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of free government."

We have drifted a little from the ideas of the Fathers when we seek city organization or Commission methods, for towns of small population, to secure the ends of self-government. The town-meeting was a Pilgrim invention. This is often denied and the credit given the Puritan Colony. Yet the fact remains that Plymouth had been holding town-meetings and had been governed by them for 15 years before towns were organized in the Bay Colony, but the Puritans were first to *organize* towns.

Like Topsy the town-meeting was not "borned" it "growed." It in fact literally grew out of the Church, and we are indebted for this most vital of all our institutions to the church of the Colonists. The organization of the township was borrowed from the church as were even the names of its several officers. The "Moderator" of the parish became moderator of the town meeting; the parish "clerk" became town-clerk, the "collector" and "treasurer" of the parish became collector and treasurer of the town, the parish assessor the town assessor. In fact the territory of the parish became

at first the territory of the town, and the "Overseers" of the town took their title from overseers of the church called "deacons," and "selectmen" in towns. The duties of these officers in the towns were similar to the duties of deacons in the churches, to look after the morals and behavior of the people as well as to direct the expenditure of the funds. In this way the church furnished the framework of town government. There the Pilgrim Colony stopped, but the Puritan Colony went much further. It provided that none but church members should have any voice in town-meetings. It not merely connected church and state, it made the town-meeting a church mass-meeting. But the Pilgrim idea of freedom soon overcame that despotism, emancipating both the church and the state.

There has been much controversy as to the origin of the common school. It cannot be shown I think, that it originated in either colony. That the idea originated with the Protestant church seems well settled. Martin Luther advocated free schools as absolutely essential to Protestantism. John Knox had advocated them sixty years before the Mayflower, and the Massachusetts Colony hit upon a way to start common schools as a bulwark of the church. It passed a law in 1647 to establish a school for the purpose of upsetting the powers of Satan. This was the first public law ever enacted for the actual establishment of common schools.

It began as follows: "It being a chief project of that old deluder Satan, to keep man from the knowledge of scriptures by keeping them, as in former times, in an unknown tongue: So in these latter times, by persuading from the use of Tongues, that so at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded and corrupted with false glosse of Deceivers, to the end that Learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, the Lord assisting our endeavors; It is therefore ordered that in towns of 50 householders teachers shall be supported to teach children to read and write, to be paid *by their parents* or by the inhabitants" as the selectmen might decide. Here was the common, public school but not the free school, as, in fact, the selectmen always decided that the *parents* and not the inhabitants should pay. That a man should be obliged to contribute towards the teaching of other people's children was an unpopular idea to the Massachusetts Colony, and so to the more democratic Plymouth Colony belongs the credit and honor of first making the common school free by setting aside, by a unanimous vote in town-meeting the income from certain public lands "for the maintenance of free schools and not to be estranged from that end."

But it shakes our regard for the generation immediately following that of the founding of free common schools to learn that for one hundred and fifty years the towns shirked their duty toward the

common schools. It was eighty years before they became free to girls. Girls were not admitted to the schools until towns so voted, and it took eighty years to bring that about. The teaching of girls was regarded as a worse than useless waste of time and money. Women of the Colonial period do not hold that prominence in its history that they deserve. But for the women of the Mayflower, the Plymouth Colony would doubtless have met the same fate that befell the womanless attempts to colonize at Roanoke Island, at Fort Popham, at Piscataqua and several other abortive efforts to make permanent settlements by men alone.

The mothers of New England were kept in pitiful ignorance, as were their female descendants for a hundred years. It is a humiliating fact in our history. An examination of the records of transfers of land titles, it is said, shows that sixty per cent of women who executed deeds or released dower, up to the early part of the eighteenth century made their marks for signatures.

Girls were then admitted to school after the boys were dismissed. Until long after the Revolution, the education of girls was considered finished if they could read the primer. Then they were thought to be safe from the wiles "of that old deluder, Satan." Boys required more knowledge in order to escape his clutches. This was an indirect tribute to the sex.

But for this state of things, the Pilgrims themselves were not responsible. If the Fathers, instead of their descendants of the second generation after them, had had the management of the free schools, women would have counted for more as factors in colonial economies, for the Pilgrims, only three years after they landed, voted money to employ a woman as teacher provided *mothers* would consent. Here was the referendum in the right place, but how it resulted history is silent so far as I know.

It is very significant that the Plymouth Colony assumed independence from the first. They agreed in writing before leaving the Mayflower to establish a civil government with the consent of the governed, with no thought of making King James a party to it. The little democracy within a few years tried a man named Billington for murder, convicted, sentenced and hanged him without any of England's help, or of any lawyer's.

In one respect the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies were alike. They based their laws upon the Bible. Indeed for sixteen years the Plymouth Colony was governed by the laws of God alone. It amended the Ten Commandments by affixing penalties for violation. It is said that the Connecticut Colony adopted Bible law, by a resolve like this, "Resolved, we will be governed by the laws of God until we have an opportunity to make better ones." But the Pilgrims adopted some laws of great and far-reaching

importance. They began by striking from the barbarous criminal code of Great Britain one hundred and forty-nine offences punishable with death, and, with two or three exceptions, we have the same capital laws to-day. Perhaps the greatest of our debts to the Plymouth Fathers, next to the establishing of a democratic system, is for their change in the laws of descent of real estate, an immense step in the utility of that system; and for the uplift of woman. Instead of following the English system of making the eldest son the sole heir, the Pilgrims adopted the old Saxon system of division among *all* the sons, with an important addition, which, I think, for the first time included daughters as the equals of their brothers in the distribution of the paternal estate; another step for which women are especially indebted to the Pilgrims. In the Bay Colony, the eldest son had a double share in the estate and the other sons, if any, had the rest. The daughters, if there were no sons, shared the estate as co-partners.

These great changes of the time-honored laws of England were made without the aid of a lawyer. It was the common sense of justice held by practical men with a conviction of right. Indeed lawyers had little to do with the planting of New England, although they had very much to do in shaping the destiny and guiding the development of the Republic.

There was good cause for the Puritan disrespect toward lawyers. The English bar of their day was

entitled to little respect. It not only contained many disreputable characters, but to all the leading writers of the day lawyers seem to have been a despised race of harpies, and the literature of that time contains much just or unjust vilification of lawyers. The Pilgrims elected their judges from the free men, and no technical knowledge of law was thought requisite. When the judges were puzzled, they called in the ministers, as a court of final resort. Indeed you will look in vain among the court proceedings of either colony during their first half century for any mention of a lawyer. Gov. Bradford in his History mentions one whom he refers to as "a certain petifoger of Lincoln's Inn," and who was obliged to leave the colony for the Colony's good.

The laws of the colonies touching church attendance have been the subject of much ridicule, but we should remember that reverence and religion were considered the first essentials for an orderly government. To these conscientious people religion was the prop and stay of the state. The Pilgrims were by no means so radical in the Sunday laws as some of the other colonies. While their law obliged every man who was able to go to church Sunday, Fast and Thanksgiving days under a penalty of ten shillings for each neglect the Virginia Colony laws at one time provided that neglect to go to meeting twice on Sundays subjected the offender to be

starved for the week following, for first offence; for the second absence whipping was added to starving for a week and for the third offence with no sufficient excuse, hanging was the penalty. The Pilgrims levied a fine of five pounds for having a pack of cards, and fifty-six shillings for playing a game.

A certain English Church bishop said of them—"They went to advance the glory of Christ and the trade in beaver-skins." Carlyle said, one hundred and fifty years afterward, "Puritanism was only laughable then, but nobody can manage to laugh at it now."

These are some of the fruits of the sowing of the Pilgrim Fathers. They doubtless had no expectation of such results. Their planting was an unconscious benefaction to the human race. They wove conscience into every act, and made the way clear for a body of laws more just than had before been known. "They bound society together by a steel thread of individual fealty to truth and justice," says one historian, "which extended and gave the nation much of its power and patriotism in '76," a fealty which was powerful in the Anti-slavery conflict and the "War for the Union" and let us trust, is yet vital in the land.

TO MY BROTHERS

Especially for you, my dear brothers, I write this memorial of our Father, but many things here written are already familiar to you. Such parts are for the benefit of the Grandchildren, not only for those who will have no recollection of their Grandfather, but also for those others from whose minds the years will efface their vague memories of him, and also for the older ones who knew and loved him, upon whom his fine influence left its indelible mark. To them these records will not be valueless, as showing in some slight measure the man their Grandfather was, and giving them some reasons for the reverence and honor in which they have been taught to hold his memory. But much is elusive. The choiceness, the charm, of his fine personality escapes the pen which would memorialize it. The manly physical presence, the innate delicacy and refinement of feeling, the mind which, forced for so many years by circumstances to come often into direct contact with brutal and degrading evil, yet, through all, kept its fineness of fibre and its even poise until the end,—these things could only be known by close and familiar intimacy. That in-

timacy, that close contact, we, his children had, and we cannot hand it on to those who come after us. But I shall use my best endeavor, in this very intimate sketch, to show something of the character and traits of this man we loved so dearly, whom it has been our proud privilege to call our Father, to us the embodiment of all that is good and noble.

One of the very earliest recollections I have of Father, is of his carrying me what seemed to a small child a very long way, under the evening skies. I had grown weary at the close of day, after a tedious train journey, and he had had compassion on the tired little feet. To me this seems typical of him through all his life. To shield and protect his family, to stand between his own and the hard things of life, to solace, to comfort and to help seemed to him but bearing a man's part in the world.

Another early memory you share with me is of the Sunday afternoons in the parlor of the Middle Street house,—the home where we spent sixteen happy years. We lay at his feet upon the floor, listening with the eager absorption of childhood, while he told us stories—not fairy tales, nor historical stories, but those of his own invention, or of occurrences in his childhood. We also remember the many country drives which we took with him on Sunday afternoons, to Grandfather's at South Thomaston, out on the Beech Woods' road, up "Back of the Hill" in the spring when the little white

saxifrage was blossoming along the rocky roadsides; and through many wood roads, in the fine New England October days, when the trees were a glory of color, and the acorns were falling from the brown-leaved oaks. How many times we have gone with him for mayflowers and for early blue violets! We never took these rides on Sunday mornings; that time was set apart for church, always, in his calendar, and up to the time of his last illness this habit was observed with scrupulous exactness. He invariably "supported religious services," not only by his purse, but by his presence, and the reverent attention the service always received from him.

We took it as a matter of course that Father should share in our games and our various amusements, and hailed with delight the rare evenings that he could spare from "the office" to be one in the family group which gathered of an evening, to play "Monarchs and Thrones" or "Anagrams" or "Crambo." He seemed as much interested in the mechanical toys he bought for you boys as you were, and he found time to make many things on the scroll-saw, following the impression-paper pattern, but on the turning-lathe he executed his own designs. The pretty fret-work walnut clock-case, still upon the living-room wall at the cottage, bears witness to his cleverness and patience. He never forgot the birthday anniversaries or the day of St. Valentine, which mean so much in a child's calendar, and, until

we were in our 'teens our most attractive valentines always came from Father. No matter how hurried his business trips to Boston, he never failed to bring us something, and always the box of Boston candy, better than any Rockland could then offer, was received with triumphant acclaim. He added many toys of his own construction to our liberal supply of playthings; doll's furniture, kite-frames, ash bows and arrows, "jack o' lanterns," willow whistles, and many others. Will we ever forget the magic Thanksgiving evenings when we were allowed to ask our little friends in to see the delightful "magic lantern" whose exhibition was a wholly altruistic performance on Father's part? As I look back in memory upon those days of happy childhood, it amazes me that a man who was so deeply occupied with the business cares of a very exacting profession should ever have found the leisure that he thus devoted exclusively to the pleasure of his children. Such care and thought for us reaped its natural reward, and never was a father more beloved. It was a delight to "go a piece" with him every morning. Our limit was the Rice corner, where we were kissed and dismissed; and at night we were allowed to run as far to meet and to welcome him home. At our work as well we received his help and guidance. Our school tasks interested him, and you remember that he always drilled you both in the "declamations" which were then obliga-

tory in the Rockland schools. I remember, in especial, "South Carolina and Massachusetts" and "Themistocles" with which Arthur won a prize in High School, and "Hohenlinden" which was the offering of our youngest. My training in reading was left to our mother and sister, but I remember distinctly the neatly-drawn map of "hundred-harbored Maine" which I proudly handed in to a teacher who asked no questions. Perhaps she realized the difficulty of the task for unaccustomed little fingers, and was lenient, for no child of tender years could draw a map like that one.

As children I think we failed to realize the exceptional nature of our family life and of the close and perfect union of our father and mother. He "loved one only and he clave to her," and through the long years of her semi-invalidism, borne with great sweetness and fortitude, he gave her the tenderest care, and in return our mother gave him her implicit trust and love. Neither had ever known a serious attachment for another; they met "when all the world was young," he being but twenty-four and she twenty-two when they were married, and I have heard him say, laughingly, that he gave his last ten dollars to the minister. With the confidence of youth, and the knowledge that he had supported himself for several years previous, he knew his brain and hands could provide the new home, and he was not mistaken. The

good old Saxon word "husband" found exemplary representation in him. He was indeed the "house-band" which bound the family together in the most intimate bonds.

I suppose one reason we did not know our family life was exceptional was because its tenor was so much that of the life we saw in the homes of our parents' most intimate friends, but I know we all now realize that we were especially favored in our home life.

Although our training devolved more directly upon our mother and aunt, absorbed as Father was in his business cares, yet he never abdicated his place as the household head, and in all our plans and, to us, vital concerns, he took a lively interest. As you grew older, and were ready to start in your life-work, he was interested in the newspapers with which you have been connected, and was pleased with the facility in writing that you both showed; for writing, as a side interest strictly, was one among the many resources that life held for him, which kept him from ever finding living a flat, stale or unprofitable thing. As a side interest only, however, writing received his attention, for his beloved profession was, aside from his family, the great absorbing concern of his life. Dull indeed, a "case" must have been not to awaken an interest in him. With the abounding vitality he brought to every task he undertook his client's cause wholly and

completely. Recently I was told by one who had heard Father's plea in the somewhat celebrated murder case of State of Maine vs. Charles Beal, that my informant, although not himself feeling wholly sure of the innocence of the prisoner at the bar was fully assured that Father believed in it, as he plead for the misguided boy with the jury. I think Father's friendliness appealed to Beal, for years later, when he had obtained a pardon, he came to Father to tell him he was to start in an honest trade and begin life over again.

Although his success in his profession meant his livelihood and the comforts of home for his dear ones, I think I am speaking within the truth when I say he scarcely considered it in this connection. I do not mean that he neglected the business side of his profession, but that it was kept wholly subordinate. He loved and honored his profession; he liked to think that every lawyer was an honorable gentleman, and he made the opposite admission with reluctance. He was no hair-splitter, he believed in as liberal an interpretation of the law as was consonant with the interests of justice. The thoroughness so characteristic of him made him an eager worker, and an absolutely new legal situation, for which there was seemingly no recorded precedent, was as absorbing to him as an apparently insoluble problem in electricity is to Edison or Marconi. No one ever saw him, in the old days

TO MY BROTHERS

criminal classes. He was an advocate of missionary effort in our own State. He said he did not believe the heathen in darkest Africa would be guilty of some of the crimes our own country districts could furnish. Many times people have said to me that Father's opinion of human nature must of necessity be low, he came so in contact with its worst side. But this was not so, and his salvation from pessimism came from his sane method of looking at things. He realized, in his twenty-one years of service upon the bench, largely spent in the hearing of criminal causes and of divorce libels, that the delinquents who came before him were not *society*, they were but its dregs, and he was always eager to do anything to uplift humanity. In spite of all his experience he believed human nature sound at bottom, and he believed in beginning with the children in reform work, knowing how difficult and how small the salvage among the derelicts upon the sea of later life. He was always glad to help financially or in any other way in the rescue of the young. The disposition of the children whose parents sought the divorce court, caused him much grave thought and care. He put many young fellows upon probation when they were too old to send to the State School, knowing well that the disgrace incident to "wearing stripes" ever afterwards shadows a man's career; and wishing to give the young fellows, often the victims of hard circumstances beyond their control,

or of vicious surroundings, another chance for decent living. In many cases his leniency was not in vain and his trust justified. He assisted with his pen in the moulding of the public opinion which made possible the passage of the law permitting jail-prisoners to work upon the high-roads; he would have been glad to see a law passed which should provide for a State reformatory for women. Thoroughly modern in his ideas as to the treatment of prisoners, he believed that punishment for criminals should be a remedial measure, as far as such might be, and he did not believe in putting the motto Dante has placed above the entrance to Hell, over the gateway of a prison.

Before he began his legal studies, when he had other employment, he went back several times to give addresses in the old Baptist church at South Thomaston, the church of which our upright Grandfather, and the Grandmother whom we cannot remember, were faithful members. He laughed over these boyish efforts in his later days, but it was good practice for him in speaking, and also in writing; and getting accustomed thus early to addressing an audience, kept him from self-consciousness in later years.

As I have said, writing was always a by-path in which he loved to wander. There is a little leather chest at home packed full of his various lectures and addresses, all labelled with date and occasion

in his neat hand, and with the system so inherent in his nature. All these papers were written and delivered without other recompense than the pleasure of his hearers, in itself all that he asked, and not an inconsiderable reward. In the old "war times" he used to read aloud to an eager group of listeners, every evening, in Andrews' store, the dreaded list of killed and wounded. He was always deeply interested in the Civil War, and in the men who did the fighting then, as might have been expected from his strongly patriotic nature. He loved his country, and he always honored the men who saved the Nation. For many years, as you both remember, we, as a family, always rode "in the procession" to Achorn Cemetery upon Memorial Day; and at the evening memorial services in Farwell Hall, which followed, we have all heard Father give addresses, and for many years his services were sought in different Maine cities and towns, as a Memorial speaker.

Other addresses in the little leather trunk are on widely varying subjects, but each evidencing the great care he always exercised in preparing any manuscript. The trip he took to Europe with his friend, Mr. Fuller, in 1885, is responsible for several of these addresses, one being "A Month in London," which people were always interested to hear. When Father edited the Waterville Sentinel he wrote, besides the editorials, for the four years he was connected with the paper, in weekly installments, some

account of his trip with Mr. Fuller, and, at the time he sent to our Mother, enclosed in her letters, a very graphic and entertaining record in diary form. I think it was in the winter of 1912 that he gathered these stray papers, and copied them all into two neat volumes. I think he destroyed the original loose sheets, with the quaint and amusing pen-and-ink and colored crayon sketches, with which he had embellished their pages. The "Dickens ivies" grown from slips given him when he visited Gad's Hill, have survived until this day, fine and handsome vines, and even during his last illness, he gave them, as long as he came downstairs, his own personal care. Many of these papers were upon historical subjects. He was well read in colonial and early New England history, especially so as regards Maine in the days when it was a province of Massachusetts. Our maternal ancestor, Major John Spear, was a member of the Constitutional Convention which met in 1820 to decide upon a constitution for the new State of Maine, and Father owned a copy of the original record of the proceedings, printed at the time. The study of all these periods, and of Revolutionary days, was always a source of pleasure to him, and he gave several addresses before the historical and patriotic societies,—one when he was President of the Sons of the American Revolution, at the unveiling of a tablet in memory of Revolutionary soldiers at Portland, under the auspices of the

Daughters of the American Revolution. Another address, "Ancient Pemaquid," which he had several times given, he refused, with characteristic modesty, to read before the Maine Historical Society, thinking it hardly up to its scholarly standard. Other papers were on purely literary subjects, many of them written for Unity Club. I do not know if the address he gave in City Hall, Augusta, at the State of Maine Centennial exercises in honor of Longfellow, in February, 1907, has been preserved. This he prepared at about twenty-four hours' notice, the speaker previously engaged to deliver it being prevented from coming, but it was given with his usual force and grace. If he had been a less modest man he would have collected some of these papers and have made a little volume for his family and friends, but I think such an idea never occurred to him. Out of them all, the product of so much mental effort, the only one to be printed, save partially in newspaper reports, is this we preserve in this little book.

The account of our Revolutionary ancestors, Lieut. Isaac Hall and Major George White, called "Hall-White Annals," was indeed privately printed, and the modest pamphlet is the only one which bears his name on the title-page. As chairman of the Special Tax Commission created in 1889 by act of the Legislature, he wrote the report, several of the recommendations in which, notably the

Collateral Inheritance Tax, were afterwards adopted by that body. This is considered an able document of its class, but his name does not appear. As we all know, he was much interested in anything that we did along the line of literary work; in Edith's fine verses, in Arthur's writing ability, in Oliver's editorials, and in my little stories, which he wished me to collect in book form; for he attached a peculiarly high value to what Stevenson calls, "This ephemeral trick of writing," our tendency to which we inherited both from him and from our mother. Although he set so high a value on the printed word, he never submitted anything for serious publication. In his very young manhood he was, as indeed he all his life remained, a strong advocate of temperance, and at that time wrote for the Rockland Gazette, which was edited by his friend, Mr. Vose, some verses in racy vein, along that line, and other bright articles of a humorous nature. After the death of our dear sister he reverently gathered all her poems that he could find and had them typewritten and bound, and I have thought it fitting to print her poem "Easter" in this volume.

How much the love of learning enriched his life! The first money he earned, as a young lad, characteristically was spent for a book, "Life on the Ocean." He entrusted the money for its purchase to Grandfather, who bought it in Rockland, and we can

imagine how eagerly the return home was awaited. This book is a stirring account of sea life as it was lived at that time, and was re-read with interest in later years, Father being prompted thereto by a discussion of the book by the readers of "Notes and Queries" in the Boston Transcript.

He was not one of those

"Readers who have no task for heeding
But read from the sheer pure love of reading."

He sought rather, to "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest," and to this careful habit was due much of the success that was his in his legal work, his letters, his addresses and speeches, and his carefully-prepared papers for the literary club whose beloved President he was for nearly a score of years. This club, Unity Club of Augusta, gave him on his retirement, a beautiful set of Shakespeare, the Harper edition in twenty volumes. The unexpected gift was highly prized, and I think he read all the plays again, in their fine setting. This gift was greatly enhanced to him by the beautiful tribute of Mrs. Emma Huntington Nason, who presented it on behalf of the Club.

If Father had been a rich man, his library would have been large and well-selected; as it is, the latter adjective is merited. His taste was catholic, no knowledge came amiss, and he read in all departments of literature with that broad-mindedness

that was a trait of his character. He liked to make notes in his books—many of them are carefully annotated. In his youth poetry possessed great charm for him; the activities of middle life somewhat obscured this liking, or perchance kept it in abeyance, but in his later years the force of it returned in great measure and he found much pleasure in this vital department of literature. We are told that when Tennyson was in the prime of his manhood a new poem by him was awaited with great eagerness in this country, by the Cambridge coterie and others, and the publication of "In Memoriam" was an event. This interest in poetry was echoed in the breast of many a thoughtful, eager student of the time, and Father was no exception. He was a great admirer of Shelley and of Byron, and, as a youth, learned much of Shelley's "Alastor;" and who that heard him, in his later life, repeat the "Waterloo" from "Child Harold," or the "Apostrophe to the Ocean," has ever forgotten that fine performance? He found much interest, in his later years, in learning poetry to recite. Poe's "Annabel Lee," always a favorite of his, Longfellow's "The Day is Done," the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," part of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," of which he was very fond, and a number of other poems were thus learned.

As the years went by, Tennyson became preeminently his favorite poet. He loved the wonder-

ful music and the beautiful words of this modern master. The "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," and especially "In Memoriam" appealed to his sense of beauty and fitness. Progressive in many ways, he read the new poets to some extent, but they could not displace his old favorites. He cared little for Kipling's prose, but he admired "The Recessional," and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," the "big, black bounding beggar" who "broke a British square," was one of his heroes, as well as Kipling's. Other verses of this modern "citizen of no mean city" were favorites, and Kipling's stirring "If" was the last poem he ever learned. Its manly lines helped his courage in the hard days of pain which came upon him at the last.

Of course all his life he read along the lines of his profession, and along many other lines as well. Historical books, some books of travel, biography, science, psychology, letters and diaries, autobiography, plays, Darwin, Huxley, John Fiske, Sir Oliver Lodge,—all was fish that came to his net if it were capable of intellectual assimilation,—if it stimulated thought. The "easy writing" which makes "hard reading," was not for him. Pepys and Evelyn he read over and over and over again. He always read himself to sleep, and these old English diarists, and occasionally Montaigne, in the little abridged one-volume edition which he owned, were "night-cap" books. Fiction was never one of his

tastes. He liked Scott and Dickens,—"The Heart of Midlothian," "David Copperfield' and "Pickwick" especially, and though he liked Thackeray's "Four Georges" and "English Humourists," and read "Vanity Fair," with interest, admiring the wonderful skill with which it was written, Thackeray was not a favorite author of his. Modern fiction found in him an unappreciative reader, and in general he did not attempt it. I remember his laying down a modern book some one had lent him, with the remark that he'd only read thirty pages, and there had been a murder and a suicide and two or three other catastrophes already, and he thought that was all he cared to read. He was a devout and thorough and interested reader of the Bible, and he was awake to the problems of modern theology, and to the literature that treats such topics, especially the views of different authors upon immortality. Such a nature as his would have had small sympathy with Maeterlinck's views on that subject, as recently promulgated, when this writer seems after long argument, to reduce all future living to the plane of the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana, where all shall be absorbed into the entity of the great Whole. Though, as you know, Father was reticent on such themes, letting his life witness for him rather than his words, his quiet faith helped him to bear the difficult things of life. His own personal copy of the Bible was the Revised Version, which it was quite

characteristic of him to prefer, and he read the greater part, if not the whole of Professor Richard G. Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible." Although he never united with a church he believed very sincerely in the principles Christ taught, and tried to embody them in his life. If, in his younger days, the strictness of the Baptist tenets had been relaxed a little, or, after his marriage to our Mother, the Congregationalists of that time had allowed the more liberal interpretation of theology that they do to-day, Father would undoubtedly have come into the church. He was too honest to assent to what he did not fully believe, but he was a Christian in belief, and in practice. He liked a good, strong, practical sermon,—he cared little for speculation in the pulpit. From an earnest Christian father and a devout mother, both by inheritance and training he learned early in life the manly good principles that made the strong foundation of his upright character. He was so self-reliant that his experience was that of similar natures; others leaned upon him and relied upon his strength and judgment.

When we lost our beloved Mother; when our brilliant sister in her regal motherhood passed beyond this "bourne of Time and Place;" when little Mildred, with her bright promise, in the bloom of her beauty, who in the few short years God gave her to us had so endeared herself to us all, was taken, the fortitude he exhibited steadied and strengthened

us. It was touching to me, in our dear Aunt's last illness, that once she asked for Father to do a little service for her; she had been so accustomed to his brotherly aid she forgot for a moment that he had joined "the unreturning dead."

A year or two before his death he gave an address on "Christian Citizenship" before the Men's Club of the Central Church of Bangor, and also before the Congregational Fraternity of Rockland. This was a subject in which he was much interested. His ideal of civic duty was high, and he showed in his devotion to it the same high constancy that was his in all tasks. The last three autumns of his life he came home from Pemaquid to cast his ballot—once for Governor, once at a special election for Congressman, and once to register his preference for keeping the prohibitory law upon the statute-book. As I have said, he was a strong believer in temperance, and he was a consistent abstainer from the use of liquors. These trips from the cottage and back again, were, from the inaccessibility of our summer home, inconvenient and tedious, but they were counted as simply a citizen's duty, and all in the day's work. He took a keen interest in life and in public affairs as long as he lived. As a Republican he was a loyal partisan. He identified himself with the party from the start, casting his first presidential vote for John C. Fremont in 1856. He voted twice for Lincoln and for Grant;—in fact for every Re-

publican candidate for President as long as he lived. His last vote, in 1912, was for Taft, to whom he was sturdily loyal, in spite of the defection of so many former Republicans to Roosevelt. It was not popular to wear a Taft button in the fall of 1912, but Father was never ashamed to show his colors, and the quiet witness remained in his coat lapel until after election.

One duty that we were taught which is not everywhere so much exemplified now as in former days, was the old-fashioned grace of hospitality. Our family delighted in visitors; our parents made our friends as welcome as their own, and Father was a thoughtful host always, active for the pleasure and comfort of his guests. His charities were of the quiet kind. He had a tender heart always for the unfortunate and those upon whom life had laid heavy burdens. A man who had worked often for him told me that Father invariably overpaid him; children who brought anything to sell always found a ready purchaser in him. Other and larger things I know in this connection of which I may not speak. He was very gentle and tender with children and always noticed them. Once, walking with him up by the almshouse, I saw him give a handful of coin to a little girl playing there rather desolately by herself, with the remark that such children had little money. The grandson of a dear neighbor was a favorite with him, and when the great silence came

the little fellow asked his grandmother, "May I take my ten cents and buy a flower for Judge Hall?"

One point I wish to touch on particularly for those who come after us, is the conspicuous service Father did his state, when he was a member of the Legislature, in 1881-1883. In the latter session he ran unsuccessfully for Speaker, which was a disappointment at the time, but was really a benefit to him, as it gave him a chance to get several important measures through. He was leader of the House, and his influence counted for much. As an attorney he had seen many of the evils of the divorce court and of the breaking-up of families, and he set about to do what he could to remedy this state of affairs. His labors resulted in the passage of a bill, providing among other things, that no divorced person should be permitted to re-marry under two years' time. This bill met with strenuous opposition, and its passage was a veritable triumph for its proponents. But it had only two years' effect, as the next legislature repealed it. I was amused however, in looking up the article on Divorce in the new Encyclopedia Americana, to find the author still quotes this provision as enduring in the laws of Maine,—a tribute to the impression this feature of the bill made at the time. He had many loyal friends in the legislative body, who ably held up his hands in the reform measures he was successful in having adopted. Father had a friendly spirit towards people in

general. Always in driving along the country roads he spoke or bowed to the men whom he met taking their produce into town. But his was a nature reserved, sometimes austere, and the natural tenderness of heart and kindliness were not always apparent; one had to know him well to appreciate him fully. He did not quickly or readily admit strangers to the inner circle of his friendship, he had to know a man well in order to love him. But when once admitted, the friend was there for always. His nature was essentially loyal and kindly. With him a friend's fault was never a matter for comment. His friends were "Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end." They were never called to account for a prejudice, an opinion, a liking hostile to his own. His tolerant spirit respected and allowed the differences of opinion, when no right principle was at stake. The quiet example of his upright life helped his friends more than he realized, but he added no words to this, unless his advice were asked. One of his friends wrote me, "He influenced more men than he will ever know." Another said, "Every one loved your father." These things he did not know, but he never lost an opportunity, no matter what the pressure on his time, or the stress of his business, to help a friend by word or deed or pen. The old gold pen that wrote words of encouragement and appreciation to his friends lies still upon his desk.

It could say, with entire truth, what Thackeray's pen said of its master:

> "I am my master's faithful old gold pen;
> * * * * * *
> Nor pass these words as idle phrases by
> Stranger! I never wrote a flattery
> Nor signed the page that registered a lie!"

Strong evidence was necessary to make him change his opinion of a friend. All his life he had a contempt for "hearsay evidence," and he never took part in thoughtless gossip. But when such a rare case came to force his reluctant belief, the friend's delinquency was buried in his charitable silence. He never let a chance slip to profit a friend; and the friend's success was as his own. Once asked by an ignorant but honest man in a humble walk of life, who was anxious concerning an ugly story regarding a mutual acquaintance, Father did not take up the point at issue, saying quietly, "However this may be, John, you know you and I are Mr. Blank's *friends*." "Yes, sure, we're his friends, Judge," replied John, with a smile, and he went away comforted. Up to the last he was in friendly correspondence with two friends whom he had known from his youth. He considered all Kennebec Bar, and a number of the Supreme Court justices as his friends. His ministers were always his friends. I never knew him to have a clergyman for whom he

did not have a friendly feeling, and they all realized it, and talked over their problems with him, trusting in his good judgment and ready sympathy. To say he had no enemies would be to speak beside the truth. No man in his position could avoid incurring the ill-will of men who wished to break the laws; his outspoken championship of measures sometimes unpopular, alienated some. He never "went with the crowd" unless he thought the crowd was right. But he bore no grudges. Of one man, serving a prison sentence, who threatened to "get even" with him, when released, I think he spoke to no one save to me, and he made no formal complaint against him. To a young minister, smarting under a sense of injury, who came to him for help, saying in the heat of anger, he would like to tell some people just what he thought of them, Father said gently that the Master whose gospel he preached gave no such counsel, and that a long life had taught him that gentler methods were best. He was too generous to take upon any one the revenge that a smaller soul would have taken, even when chance brought the opportunity under his hand. He could not be influenced to do anything he considered wrong, whatever pressure was brought to bear; he would not adopt the easy expedient in place of the real right, as all people with whom he had to do were liable to find out. The high standard of living he set himself was steadfastly adhered to. Pressure sometimes

was brought to bear upon him. On one occasion a well-known politician, who did exert considerable political influence, and had some power over the destinies of officials, believing, with Sir Robert Walpole, that every man has his price, came into court with a rum-seller with a long court record. His motive undoubtedly was to show Father that a short sentence would be the best policy. "I only gave the man a heavier sentence than I had intended," was Father's quiet comment.

This record would be more incomplete than it must of necessity be, did I leave untouched one of the dominant traits of Father's character,—his sense of humor. He tells us in the "Hall-White Annals" that we, his children, have English, Scottish, French and "perhaps Irish blood." He was always quietly amused by people who boasted unduly of their ancestors, for he was essentially democratic, both by nature and training, and he liked to quote Saxe's witty verses on "pride of birth." But he was glad of the sturdy stock from which he sprung; of the good, honest New England blood behind him. Our "perhaps Irish" blood is a more or less well-authenticated tradition in the White family; our Scottish drop comes from our maternal ancestor, that young MacDougal who went out to fight Indians and never came back to the stockade; the Halls were English; and we get our French blood also from Father's side of the house. And it was, I

suspect, this Gallic strain in him that gave the light touch to the humor,—that exuberant, abounding sense of humor, which was an integral part of his mental equipment. I have heard that in his younger days he was "full of fun" and the faculty both for making and enjoying a joke never left him. Doubtless in his youth this humorous spirit often took the form of flashing wit, but always in my memory it was subtle and pervasive humor, and it exhibited itself as fully in the appreciation of the fun of others, as in its seemingly spontaneous manifestation in himself. In my little girlhood, when our parents and their friends used to have "Charade parties," Father was always in demand as a participant, and there was much genuine mirth upon these occasions, for several in that set of friends were clever amateurs. I remember once, in the scene from "Nicholas Nickleby" when John Browdie and his wife entertain Nicholas, and John tells how he has "come the Yorkshire" over old Squeers, Father took the part of Browdie, and I never shall forget his use of the broad Yorkshire dialect, as the big farmer tells his uproarious tale. In those days, the days of the old "Literary Club" of Rockland, Father wrote some "Ballads of Ye Point," which were as picturesquely full of local color and as typical of that part of the city at that time, as ever the "Pike County Ballads" were of the New West. His experience as municipal judge had made him cog-

nizant of many strange and bibulous types among the denizens of that section, and his "Ballad of Biddy Flynn" was based upon a true and most amusing incident.

His natural ear for rhythm, his humor and his gift of apt phrasing made him a good "limerick writer" and the series of limericks he wrote for my birthday, just before his fatal illness began, were as clever as any he ever wrote. He not only saw the point of a joke, but made others see it, although he remembered that "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," and so chose his auditors for the bright little stories he told in his own inimitable way. He was a good after-dinner speaker, and was often asked to speak at Bar dinners, and on other occasions of a similar nature. He preferred to be told in advance when he was to be called upon to speak, but when asked without previous notification, he did not fail, as he could "think upon his feet," from long public practice.

A man of his sensitive nature could never be indifferent to natural beauty. He had a great love of flowers, and for several years made our winter windows gay with hyacinths in bloom. He took pleasure in out-of-door gardening as well; he bestowed much personal work and care upon his tulip-beds, and the tulips, with the early crocuses which he loved, as they force their purple and golden blossoms every year through the light spring snows,

bring an ever-recurring thought of him and keep his memory green. After you both left home, he and I for many seasons, sought the spring woods for mayflowers and hepatica, and wild columbine, and shell-tinted anemones, and little purple-pink fringed polygala. A new flower always held interest for him, and one year, being at Pemaquid for some early spring work, he brought home great branches of Emerson's "dim rhodora" blooming gayly on its leafless stalks, the first which we had ever seen. A clear starry night, a moonlit evening, the beautiful clouds which form in summer days above the sea, a rosy sunset,—none of these passed unobserved by him. Besides these natural pictures he greatly enjoyed those which are the product of art. He delighted in books with good pictures, and it was a pleasure to him to extra-illustrate his books.

Perhaps of all natural spectacles he loved best the sea. Born on its borders, early familiar with waves and winds and tides, he loved its ever-varying moods, and watched its changes with intelligent eyes. He knew the names of all the sorts of craft afloat; not so many kinds now as in the days when full-rigged ships and brigs and brigantines and barks and barkentines were not the rare sight they are now. He could box the compass, his competent fingers had mastered the intricacies of all the knots which sailors use, and he could make a "turk's head" as neatly as any old tar. He loved his summer home at Pemaquid

Point, with its wonderful foreground of sea, which he used to call his "front yard" and which, in one direction extends almost illimitably, no land lying nearer than the far-off coasts of Spain and Africa. Nothing pleased him better at the coast than a great storm, when the sea tossed itself with a tremendous force against the rugged cliffs and sent its white spray high in air. The passing sails, on the bright days, when the sea and sky were dazzling blue, the wheel of the gulls across the sky at dawn, the crows taking their direct flight over the pointed tops of the spruces, the wild roses as they blossomed just above the gray cliffs in deep crimson, and along the roadside in faint rose-color, the note of the song-sparrow, the flash of wing of butterfly and dragon-fly—all these daily sights and sounds gave him pleasure. Swampy pastures yielded to him their treasures of Arethusa and rose pogonia,—from the time the willows put forth their catkins till the scarlet berries of the alder brightened the roadsides and the last red and yellow and brown leaves of autumn fell, there was treasure-trove in Nature for him, and he kept this interest as long as he lived. Indeed he kept all interests as long as he lived,—in no way was "his natural force abated," nor, save for the soft white hair, did he ever look old. He was always a handsome man, and he observed a scrupulous neatness in all the details of dress. His fresh color, his smooth clear skin, and the brightness

of his brilliant blue eyes, together with his erect carriage and his slender figure, seemingly refuted the tale of the multiplying years, and he never looked his age. Certainly we never thought of him as old. Why should we?—a man who, in his late seventies, despairing of the prompt services of a carpenter at Pemaquid, could mount the veranda roof of the cottage and nail down ten feet of new boarding, to repair a wind-storm's ravage; who, seeing at Marshall Field's, on his last Chicago visit, an attractive cretonne-covered chiffonier, could make three similar ones, having no model for his constructive fingers save in his remembering eye. From the life insurance agent, who, seeing him vigorously spading his tulip-bed, could not believe he was several years too old to take out a policy, to his own children, no one thought of him as old. He whistled at his work, and ran upstairs like a boy. In his last illness he was reading Miss Austen's "Emma" and some of Jonson's plays, and, as I have said, committed Kipling's "If" to memory. Who could associate age with that buoyant spirit? Yet he was old. He had lived to the full a long life, he had amply earned the rest which came.

He might have left us richer if he had not been so scrupulously fair and generous; richer in purse, but poorer in the heritage of his good life. I am aware this sketch is a partial portrait in more ways than one. We are always partial where we love,—as for

partial in the other sense, it needs must be so. But if, by this slight record, I have been able to show something of the striking personality of this many-sided, whole-hearted, just and merciful, fearless and tender man, I have succeeded in what I purposed to do.

I wish I could print here many of the letters which came to me after his death,—letters which testified so strongly to his character and worth; and some of the stories people have told me, of his kindness and of his quiet beneficent influence. These things all would have gratified him if he could have been told them while he lived. And yet it is one's own people who know one best, and I think he would not have cared so much for all the kind words of others as for the words of you, his two sons, as we rode together up the hill that bright cold February day. One of you said, "I don't believe a better man ever lived in this State than my Father," and the other answered, "I think you are right." We all were proud of his alert and clever brain, of his keen insight, of his well-earned reputation for good judgment and "saving common-sense," and strict business integrity; proud of his brilliant work in many directions, but I know I voice your preference also when I say we were proudest of all of his good life. He "reverenced his conscience as his king," and it was a point of honor, entirely consonant with his

manly purpose throughout his whole life, to keep that conscience clean and pure.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

All these three requisites were his, and his well-ordered life, with its staunch adherence to every duty that he considered his, no matter what the opposition to its performance, stands as a silent but efficient witness that he did a true man's part in his day and generation.

EASTER

I think the coming of the spring
  Calls forth from each what good there be;
Each feels that he was made to sing—
Softly, that not a false note ring
  To mar creation's harmony.

Our eager eyes, on every hand
  Unclose on prophecies proved true.
We read throughout the sunny land
Awakening at her Lord's command,
  The grand spring-story, ever new.

There is no other tale so sweet,
  So welcome to our mortal sense—
The story that the winds repeat,
That after winter's storms and sleet,
  Reveals to us our recompense.

With breezes calm and skies so fair,
  With nowhere aught that hints of strife,
With scent of May-flowers in the air,
Returns the thirst we all must share
  Our longing for an endless life.

These little clovers have a hold
  On life more strong than you or I;
Each year their tender leaves unfold;
Eternal birthright theirs; no gold
  Hath power for mortals such to buy.

We feel from nature's face we must
  The emblematic lesson learn:
From blossoms springing from the dust
"The resurrection of the just"
  Dimly our blinded eyes discern.

Mandate of Him who us hath made
  Sounds in our ears, complaints to chide;
Mandate that always is obeyed—
"The herb shall fall, the flower fade,
  But ever shall My word abide."

Our earnest this of that new day
  For us to dawn, by God's good grace,
Afar or near we cannot say,
When, with the mists all drawn away,
  We shall behold Him face to face.

Why is it that the world to come
  Is not forever in our sight?
Why do we make today the sum
Of living, till our lips be dumb
  And daylight darkens into night?

The self-same query, centuries old
  In wonder to ourselves we bring;
And while we dream, the shadows fold
About us, and the sunset gold
  Fades out, and leaves us questioning.

Ah, Easter lily, is it sure?
  Point us to hope—our souls' sole star;
Teach us our heaven is secure
And we shall rise again, as pure
  And radiant as your blossoms are!

EDITH FRANCES HALL PERRY.

OLIVER GRAY HALL

March 8, 1834
January 30, 1914

"These to His Memory"

[From the Augusta special correspondent of the Bangor Daily Commercial.]

Judge Oliver Gray Hall, one of the most prominent jurists in the state and for many years judge of the Kennebec County Superior court, died at his home in this city early Friday. He had been ill for several weeks. Up to within a comparatively short time Judge Hall has been unusually vigorous, both physically and mentally, for a man of his years. His mind retained its alertness to the last.

Judge Hall was born in South Thomaston, Knox county, on March 8, 1834 and was the son of Ezekiel and Elizabeth Gray Hall. He was a descendant of Isaac Hall, first son born in this country of an English family of Halls who settled in Boston in the early part of the 18th century. His mother was the eldest daughter of Leverett and Rebecca (Sears) Gray, whose ancestors first settled in Yarmouth, Mass.

Judge Hall's early education was acquired in both common and private schools and at the seminaries at Kent's Hill and at Bucksport. He began to teach school at the age of 18, at the same time studying law in the office of the late Judge Peter Thacher in Rockland. He began to practice law at Knox

county bar in 1860 and he continued to engage actively and lucratively in his profession there until 1886. From 1871 until that date, he was in partnership with Albert S. Rice, a son of the late Judge Rice of the Maine Supreme court. In 1887, after an extended trip abroad for the benefit of his health, Judge Hall settled in Kennebec county, where he continued his legal practice in Waterville, until his appointment by Gov. Burleigh to succeed William Penn Whitehouse as judge of the Superior court of Kennebec county. In 1889 Judge Hall was appointed by the governor a member of the special tax commission provided for by the legislature to inquire into the systems of taxation of several states, with a view to recommending changes in the tax laws of Maine. The other members of the commission were Hon. John L. Cutler of Bangor and Gen. Samuel J. Anderson of Portland. After a year of diligent research, they made an exhaustive report to the governor which was laid before the legislature in 1891. Several of its most important recommendations were adopted; notably its new system of state valuation, and a board of state assessors with supervision of local assessments and valuations.

While living in Rockland Judge Hall served as city clerk from 1859 to 1865. He was a member of the school board from 1860 to 1864 and city solicitor for a number of years. He served there as a member

of the board of aldermen and was register of probate for Knox county from 1863 to 1867. He was judge of the police court at Rockland from 1870 to 1877 and he represented Rockland in the legislature in 1881-2, and in 1883-4. During the latter session he was house chairman of the judiciary committee and a member of the commission on the revision of the statutes.

Judge Hall's home has been in Augusta since1891. He was a member of Aurora Masonic Lodge, King Solomon chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and Claremont commandery, Knights Templar at Rockland. He was also a member of the Abnaki club, the Kennebec Historical society and the Unity club, one of the oldest literary societies in the state. He was also a member of the Maine Historical society.

In politics, Judge Hall has always been a Republican. He was married to Miss S. Frances White of Rockland in 1858, and of this union three children survive—Arthur W., Hattie Vose and Oliver L. Hall.

Judge Hall possessed a high order of literary talent and was greatly interested in the early history of New England. He has for three years been on the judicial retired list and has devoted much of his time to writing. He was possessed of an engaging personality which readily attracted friends and held them. His character was one of rugged and uncompromising honesty and in his death the state of Maine loses one of its foremost jurists and citizens.

A number of Augusta lawyers held a meeting recently, at which plans were discussed for a testimonial to Judge Hall on March 8, which would have been his 80th birthday.

KENNEBEC BAR MEMORIAL

Members of the Kennebec County Bar met Thursday afternoon at the court house and voted to adopt resolutions in memory of the late Judge Oliver Gray Hall, for 21 years judge of the superior court of Kennebec county. Following the adoption of the resolutions the meeting adjourned to the court room, where glowing tributes were paid to Judge Hall by members of the bar in eloquent addresses. On the bench were seated Associate Justice Albert M. Spear, who is presiding at this term of the supreme court, Associate Justice Warren C. Philbrook and Judge Fred Emery Beane of the superior court of Kennebec county.

Hon. L. T. Carleton of Winthrop, a member of the committee on resolutions, paid his tribute to the late Judge Hall and then read the resolutions.

L. T. Carleton's Introductory Remarks and Presentation of Resolutions

May it Please the Court: By the partiality of my brethren of the Kennebec bar has devolved upon me the duty of presenting to this honorable

court the resolutions which have this day been adopted by the bar, indicative of their appreciation of the life, labors and character of the late Hon. Oliver G. Hall, late judge of the superior court of Kennebec county, whose death occurred on Jan. 30th last, at his residence in this city, in the eightieth year of his age. It becomes a labor of love to offer these resolutions and to request appropriate action by the court. Mr. Hall presents himself to me as I indulge in a retrospect of the thirty years of our acquaintance, in the four-fold character of lawyer, judge, man and friend. I regard his services to the State, his county and city, as merely excursions out of his chosen profession. He was able to render in these fields laudable service; and his efforts were appreciated by his associate legislators and by his constituents; I should say, however, that his happiest years were spent in the practice of his profession and upon the bench. Judge Hall was characterized by extreme patience, using simplest language when presiding as a judge and seemed to be impelled by an honest desire to do right. One trait of his character, both as a lawyer, as a judge and as a man was absolute integrity. Some one has truly said, "I believe that he was always on the right side of every moral question." My brethren of the committee and of the bar will pay a more fitting tribute to his memory which we all revere, than it is possible for me to do.

The Hon. Oliver G. Hall, late judge of the Superior Court of Kennebee County, died at his home in Augusta, Friday, Jan. 30, in his eightieth year, and after a service upon the bench of the Superior court of this county of 21 years, from which he retired two years ago. The members of the bar of this county attended the funeral in a body which occurred on Monday, Feb. 2, and a committee was then appointed to arrange for memorial exercises before the next session of the Supreme Judicial Court to be held in this county. In accordance with the usual custom of the bar, this committee, acting in their behalf and desiring to have a suitable memorial entered upon the record of the court after their adoption at the meeting of the bar now submit the following resolutions:

Resolved: That the death of Oliver Gray Hall occurring at a good old age and after years of service exceeding the average duration of judicial life, marked by various and eminent ability, is an event in the course of nature not wholly unexpected, and thus not to be mourned like the loss of a great man in the prime of his strength; yet the members of this bar are not unmindful that the death of so good a judge, eminent a citizen and so lovable a man, should be attended by reverent gratitude and affection, commensurate with due commemoration of the event.

Resolved: That as we survey and recall his judicial life, it is with pleasure and pride. We re-

member him as the "Good Judge." That was his crowning glory. In his tribunal all parties were on a level footing; none was too high, or none so low, but what he would have justice dealt out to him with a steady hand, whose only purpose was to guide and direct to the truth and justice of the case before him. With a gift of judicial ability, he possessed the great honor of the absolute trust and confidence of the people.

Resolved: That as a man, citizen and friend, we may say that he had a rare and cultivated mind, and a generous heart. He was an agreeable man in the commerce of life. He had the simplicity of manners which belong to strong, true natures. Death breaks the lock of every portfolio and without unveiling sacred places we may venture to add; that beneath the surface lay a rare tenderness that showed itself in acts of delicate kindness, which seemed to be only the natural outcome of a generous nature.

Resolved: That although it is his record as judge that perpetuates his fame, we do not forget that as a lawyer practicing at the bar he early achieved success by these same qualities which, with his fine, intellectual power and good preparation for his chosen profession, admirably fitted him for the duties of the judicial office. He was early recognized as a lawyer of ability and his services were soon called to many positions of honor in the service of his well beloved State, county and city.

Resolved: That his services to the State as a member of The Special Tax Commission, provided for by the legislature, as a member of the school board, City Solicitor, and member of the board of aldermen, in the city of Rockland, as a register of probate for the county of Knox, judge of the police court of the city of Rockland, representative in the legislature for four years, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, member of the commission on the revision of the Statutes were valuable and conspicuous.

Resolved: That whether as advocate, legislator or jurist, it is the fortune of only the few to acquire such distinction, coupled with the respect and confidence of all who knew Judge Oliver Gray Hall.

Resolved: That these resolutions be presented to the Supreme Judicial Court sitting in this county, with the request that they be entered upon its record, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

Committee on Resolutions:

L. T. Carleton,
C. A. Knight,
Harold E. Cook,
Emery O. Beane.

Judge Harold E. Cook's Tribute

Judge of Probate Harold E. Cook, after moving that the resolutions for Judge Hall be adopted, proceeded in a very able manner to pay his tribute to that distinguished judge.

May it please the court, I move for the adoption of these resolutions, and that they be entered upon the records of this court; and it is in no perfunctory spirit, neither because I happen to be a member of this committee on resolutions.

I regarded the late Oliver G. Hall as my true personal friend. His decease I deplore as a personal loss, and the adoption of these resolutions by this bar will give me, as I am sure it will give all of us, sincere personal satisfaction.

On my admission to the bar, his was the first hand extended to me in welcome. My first trial was in his court. I have received, as all of us have received, many favors of kindly courtesy and thoughtful consideration at his hands, and I regard it as a privilege though withal a sad one, to be allowed at this time, to pay a brief and halting tribute to his memory.

When we meet, as we do on occasions like the present, to pay our respects to the memory of one of our number, who has been carried hence on the crest of that tide which, always setting toward the farther shore, never returns, we naturally look to find if we can, some dominant trait in his character,

some characteristic from which we can glean encourgement and inspiration to help us, until we too, are called to follow him.

When we consider for this purpose, the character of Judge Hall, I think we find as one of his principal characteristics a practical religion. By this I do not mean a religion which was ever obtruded on his friends, or one in which cant and fanaticism are ever substituted for true practicability, but rather, a religion which had for its very foundation the doctrine of Man's accountability to God for all his thoughts, words and deeds. There seemed to be ever present with him the feeling that in the position which he held, he was but the servant of God, and that to his Master he must be and was, ready to account. His God was not an easy-going, easily placated Deity, but rather a Deity whose throne was righteousness and justice; a Deity who is himself a Judge, and whose code was contained in the 10 "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots," given to mankind from Mount Sinai. I do not mean by this, if it please the court, that Judge Hall was a man austere or harsh, far from that. He tempered justice with the mercy of Him who for us men and our salvation came down from heaven, and modified the 10 laws of the old dispensation with the two orders, if I may so term them, of the new, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy

neighbor as thyself." Believing, I am sure, if your Honor please, that in these few sentences, "simply grand and grandly simple," are pointed out man's holy duty to his Maker, and to his brother. This, it seemed to me, was his religion, not a religion to be turned to in times of trouble alone, then laid aside; not simply a shelter in times of storm, but a temple in which to dwell as a tenant-at-will, if I may use that expression, and for the safe keeping of which he was accountable.

One trait in his character in this connection, always impressed me; that is, in a time and among a people, both of which seemed to have drifted away from those principles that were formerly considered the only safe and sure anchorage, he clung steadfastly to the faith of his fathers. He made, as I have tried to say before, his religion practical, using it not only as a refuge, but as a guide. It gave him consolation in trouble but more than that, it shaped his life, moulded his character, and was indeed and in truth, a lamp unto his feet.

In these times, in which it seems almost as though liberty of thought was merging into license of action, we need such men as he was. We need examples and memories such as his was and is. We need them; we need more of that undying faith in which he lived his life; we need more of that unfaltering trust in which he took leave of it. Of his life we all know. Like an open book there was no concealment. His

leave-taking is described in more beautiful language than any at my command, by Tennyson's immortal lines:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the restless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out the bourne of time and place
The tide may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

C. A. Knight

He was followed by Charles A. Knight of Gardiner, who seconded the motion on resolutions and who also paid his tribute to the late Judge Hall.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:—To me, Judge Hall was always the Judge and I never learned to think of him as an attorney or advocate. The brethren with whom we are associated in practice

when elevated to the bench, while unconsciously assuming the dignity of the judicial office, nevertheless are remembered by us as we knew them at the bar. Unlike many of you, however, I never knew Judge Hall as a practicing attorney. When I came to Kennebec county, he was presiding in the superior court and I always thought of him, and think of him now, as the dignified, judicial officer.

While reading law and attending trials in the superior court, I came to look upon Judge Hall with that deep respect, if not awe, which I think the law student always feels toward the Judge. I could not get my mind into the attitude of thinking of him as a man apart from the judicial position he occupied. I think perhaps his dignity and reserve were accountable for this. * * * So far from being over-awed in this presence, I was soon won to a sincere affection for his wisdom and his kindness. I found I had a friend who was always glad to assist me in every legitimate way and one to whom I could turn freely for helpful suggestion.

* * * Others can speak more eloquently than I of his legal ability, and the honor which he reflected upon the Kennebec Bar by his long administration of justice in the superior court of this county. I like to think of him best as my friend and as the ripe scholar. I like to think of the lesson which it seems to me his life suggests to everyone of us, that is, while not laying the harness off, never-

theless to ease its strain as we go along by cultivating the mind in some outside pursuit.

* * * Judge Hall was wiser than we. Years before he retired from the bench he had taken time from his busy life to acquire an unusual acquaintance with all that is best in literature. Long before the shadows began to lengthen, he presented a well-rounded life filled, not only with knowledge of the best authorities in his chosen profession, but of the masters of literature in all languages and of all ages. His example and his willingness to share this knowledge with his acquaintances and the citizens of his adopted city have exerted an influence in the county which will be far-reaching.

Other members of the bar who paid tribute to Judge Hall were George W. Heselton of Gardiner and Judge Emery O. Beane of Hallowell.

George W. Heselton

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT: In full sympathy and accord with every word of praise and commendation that has been expressed in the resolutions offered, or the words spoken of our friend as a citizen and as a judge of the superior court of this county, I wish merely to add this simple tribute of respect. In the years I have been associated with him, as a

practitioner in the court over which he presided, I cannot recall a single instance in which he lost sight of his high official duties, or wavered in his desire to secure exact justice "betwixt party and party" tried before him. In this respect he was true to the recognized and established character and traditions of the supreme court of which the superior court is an auxiliary. In private life Judge Hall's unassuming manners, his scholarly tastes, his upright and honest living marked him as a true exponent of the best type of American citizenship.

The members of Kennebec Bar do well to pause in their labor to devote this hour to commemorate the memory of their brother, Oliver G. Hall, and spread upon the records of this court the tribute of respect embodied in these resolutions. A life so well and honorably spent cannot fail to have its beneficent influence upon us and through us and ours to the end of time.

Emery O. Beane's Tribute

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT: I wish to add but a very few words to the sentiments of love, respect and esteem of those of our association who have known Judge Hall many years longer than have I, and I take this opportunity simply to express a single thought for myself and for those younger members

of this bar whose recollections of him, like my own, while not covering the length of time of our elder brethren, yet are, I believe, as vivid, as lasting as theirs and perhaps have made a still deeper impression upon us.

A considerable number of our members began our practice of law under Judge Hall in this room; a considerable number, like myself, tried our memorable "first case" before him. We recall him as our first judge, with whom we became associated in our professional life-work. And we recall his kindly and personal interest and assistance, which we so fully appreciated. To us, he was always "the Judge," and the impressions thus gained from him, I believe then stamped upon us that high regard and respect for our courts, which seem to me the greatest safeguard of our profession and of all our institutions.

To me, Judge Hall typified not alone the court to be respected, but the good man to be revered. By his death, we must feel that one of those rare personalities that we can recognize as actually moulding for the better each of our lives, in and out of court, has passed; but the influences, the impressions and ideals which he aroused, established and strengthened, can, like his memory, never pass, but will always remain, to be what seems to me the finest and most lasting memorial any man may have.

Judge Spear's Response from the Bench

GENTLEMEN OF KENNEBEC BAR: I presume my acquaintance with Judge Hall antedates that of any member of this bar. I first met him in 1881, in the Maine house of representatives, of which we were both members. In 1883 we were again associated in the same relation. Our relations were much more intimate than those of ordinary membership, as we were associated together in 1883 upon the commission then appointed for the revision of the Statutes. During the months that we were thrown together in the performance of this work, we became intimately acquainted and formed a personal friendship that continued unabated through the subsequent years. After he was appointed to the superior bench in 1890 I practiced in his court until 1902, a period of 12 years. During this time I tried many cases before him, some of importance, especially upon the criminal side of the court. I accordingly feel that I am able to speak of Judge Hall's activities from the experience of a business lifetime, covering a period of 40 years; and also from that intimate knowledge that grows out of legislative association, and the close relations always existing between the bench and the bar.

And here I wish to note that upon my first acquaintance with him I was impressed with his genial bearing, uniform courtesy, and fine sense of regard for the feelings of others. And as the years have passed I have never observed in his demeanor an act or word that in the least detracted from my first impression.

As very few of those present can have had any personal knowledge of Judge Hall's legislative career, I feel that it may not be improper for me to here allude to it, as it represents his powers of leadership and control over a popular assembly, which could not be made to appear in judicial work. In 1881 and 1883 he represented the city of Rockland. The session of 1881 forebode the appearance of certain important matters in 1883. In this Legislature he was made chairman of the judiciary committee, the leading committee of the house, as all well know. The late Charles Hamlin was Speaker of the House. Among his associates at that time were Charles E. Littlefield, former congressman, General Mattocks, the late Herbert M. Heath, Former Justice F. A. Powers, the late Governor Powers, and many other strong and prominent men. Yet, with these able men around him, Judge Hall was easily the leader of that House, and was the chief instrumentality in securing several of the most important enactments, that have ever come before the people, among them the restoration of the law

providing for capital punishment, and an act providing for decrees nisi in divorce proceedings, and other acts of great interest. Upon these measures the interest of the State was fully aroused, and the fierceness of the contest and the asperity of debate that were engendered, have never been approached in my day, at least. But Judge Hall by cogency of reasoning, urbanity of manner and fairness in debate, became the brilliant and successful leader through all these turbulent scenes.

I wish now to call attention to the sequel which marked the manly qualities and true characteristics of his leadership, that, when the battles were over, no expression of bitterness, no pang of wounded feelings was or could be entertained by even the fiercest opponents of his contentions, one of whom I myself was.

Judge Hall's long judicial career has been so fully alluded to that what I might say would necessarily be mere repetition. I desire, however, to express my concurrence in all that has been said, and add, that my intimate acquaintance with Judge Hall's judicial career of 21 years justifies me in the statement, that his administration of justice was impartial, honest, conscientious and true; and that no suitor ever departed from his court without having had not only a fair opportunity to be fully heard, nor without feeling that he had had such opportunity. In private life he was a man of kind heart, pleasing

address, refined tastes, gentle and reserved disposition, scholarly attainment and broad culture, an accomplished gentleman, loved most by those who knew him best.

It has been truthfully said, that "the multitudinous voices of earth and air are prophecies of a world to be." The flowers of the field rising from countless graves; the unfolding leaves of spring; the meadows bursting into bloom; the winged minstrel filling the air with song, are the evangels demonstrating before our eyes the victory of life over death, and fill us with confidence that, "Beyond the waking, and the sleeping, beyond the smiling and the weeping" we shall meet again.

As a further token of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, I now order this court adjourned till tomorrow morning at 9.30 o'clock.

Lithgow Library

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the trustees of Lithgow Library and Reading Room held March 16, 1914:

Since their last meeting the trustees of the Lithgow Library and Reading Room have sustained a great loss in the death of their associate, Hon. Oliver G. Hall.

Judge Hall had been an efficient member of this board for several years and had rendered intelligent and faithful service to the patrons of the library and to the city. A man of scholarly tastes and a lover of good literature he was deeply interested in the work of this institution and in its increasing usefulness. As a member of the committee on the selection of books he was particularly valuable and his loss will be deeply felt.

His associates desire to place on record this brief tribute to one with whom they were so pleasantly connected and for whom they entertained the highest respect and an affectionate regard.

The Rockland Courier-Gazette of Feb. contained the following from the pen of its editor, William O. Fuller, for many years a close personal friend of Judge Hall:

Fifty-three of Judge Hall's 80 years of life were spent in Knox county. Rockland knew him for 35 years of that time, the years from 18 to 53, covering the formative period of his life. When he left here to take on a new professional existence in Kennebec county, he had passed through the time that develops a man and sets his character in immovable lines. The success that came to him in the past twenty-five years and the honors with which he was visited were the natural flowering of the growth of those formative years in which he was a conspicuous figure in the business, professional and social life of Rockland. To this city his thoughts turned always with warmth and affection, and when on occasions he could visit here it was to be cordially greeted by old-time friends such as one does not make in later years—a circle however that continued rapidly to narrow. "It seems," he lately remarked, "that I now scarcely come to Rockland except to attend a funeral."

These paragraphs are written by one who though a younger man felt himself to be close to the core of

Judge Hall's friendship. The intimacy of much travel, at home and abroad, of long hours spent together in the pages of favorite authors, was never suffered to grow dull. It could not grow dull with a man upon one side of it like Judge Hall, mentally so alert, so refined in his tastes and gifted with such sweetness of humor. Here is a great sheaf of his letters, the intimate correspondence of many years, which show the heart of the man in all its fineness and warmth and which it would be a pleasure to quote at length in their disclosure of one of the finest gentlemen our time and State have produced. When Judge Hall retired from active life, three years ago, and the press was sounding his praises, an article in this paper brought a line from him:

"You alone could have written that way of me. You are pretty well acquainted with me. Friendships are apt to lose their edge on long and familiar intimacy. I rejoice that I have not so misbehaved as to dull yours after more than thirty years of pretty close acquaintance. Much that the papers are saying about me reads like obituary commonplace. It is pleasant to have it said during life. But what you and the editor of the Kennebec Journal said is not the ordinary postmortem kindliness—but the kind that awakens my sincerest gratitude."

There is a natural temptation to quote further from these letters, through whose graceful diction and a penmanship that was firm and refined to the

last, discussing with kindliness and humor all phases of life, the fine flavor of the man is revealed. None ever grew old with more of grace in the performance.

"My dear Boy," one of his later letters said, "fifty-five is old to you. I am not as old as I was at 50—never have felt as old as when I turned the half-century mark, yet you know I was quite a lively old chap, as you are and will long continue. I am often reminded that I am getting along, even when my birthdays do not pop up to remind me of the fact that

> "Whatever poet, orator or sage
> May say of it, old age is still old age."

It becomes the duty of the humble historian of the local newspaper to record the passing upon the long journey of one after another of the people of the community. Necessarily it falls that this shall have to do at times with those of his own circle of friendships and then the duty imposes a double burden, as in the present instance; but the sorrow natural to the taking off of Judge Hall is tempered to the wide circle who knew him, by the memory of his blameless life, his rich endowments of mind and heart, his joyous continuation of youthful spirit and health down to the verge of four-score years and the unshaken conviction that such a soul only passes on into a still more elevated and congenial existence.

The Kennebec Journal of Jan. 31, 1914, contained this editorial tribute:

We had prepared a feeble tribute to our good friend who had passed to a higher life on Friday, when the banquet to Judge Oliver Gray Hall, May 24, 1911, was called to mind. That occasion was a tribute of respect and honor to the retiring judge of the superior court of Kennebec county. There frank expression of the men of the bar who knew him best found expression. To our mind no more deserved or fitting compliment has brightened the living hours of a faithful public officer than the words uttered at that time by Chief Justice Whitehouse. His words, true then are as true today and carry new meaning to the hearts of those who had come in contact with the sweet and brave character just departed. From the address of Justice Whitehouse we clip a few paragraphs that touch intimately upon the service and character of Judge Hall:

"It is altogether fitting and proper that this compliment should be paid to a faithful judicial officer and that public attention should be directed to such meritorious and exemplary services during

the lifetime of the officer as an incentive and example to others.

"Let it be made known to him while living that the conscientious and faithful discharge of public judicial duty—though in the good State of Maine it is expected as of course, is none the less appreciated and honored by the Bar and people of the State.

"It has often been said that the career of those devoted to the legal profession whether at the bar or on the bench, passes from public memory soon after its close; that when their work is done the great majority of them pass into the shadow of a swift and prompt oblivion. I do not fully concur in the statement so often made, for I believe that the long life-work of a good judge or a good lawyer, cannot fail to leave an impress upon the community for the public weal which exerts an influence beyond the generation which witnessed it; but however that may be, there is an obligation resting upon the bar to make such public recognition of their beneficent example as will tend to guard their memories against the encroachments of time and dissipate as far as practicable the mists and shadows of threatened oblivion.

"It is not fitting here to indulge in fulsome eulogy, but Judge Hall has given 21 of the best years of his life to the administration of justice in one of the most useful and important courts in our State. During all these years no cloud, nor speck, nor stain

has rested upon the fair fame of his court, or the purity of his motives; no untoward incident has ever disturbed or ruffled the serenity of his judicial demeanor and no conceivable consideration except that of the law and the justice of the cause has ever been suspected of controlling or affecting his rulings or his judgment. Without magnifying the importance of his office, but impressed with a deep sense of its responsibilities, holding his court for the administration of justice and not simply for the dispatch of business, he sought with absolute impartiality and singleness of purpose to have the truth discovered and declared and justice done in every cause. All the faculties of his mind, the ripe fruits of his experience and his robust moral principle were ever employed in the furtherance of that justice which seeks to crystallize into a judgment, the enlightened sense of common right which prevails among men. He was careful, considerate and tender of the rights of all suitors whatever their condition in life and uniformly exemplified the graces of kindliness and patience, charity and mercy.

"But he drew the thing as he saw it,
For the God of things as they are,"

and during his 21 years of well sustained service upon the bench, he merited and received the entire confidence of the bar, of suitors before him and of the people of the county and State. No higher

tribute than this can be rendered to the soundness of his judgment, the kindness of his heart and his conscientious application of the law to the facts before him. His example of judicial honor, of public principles and private virtues may well be commended to those called upon to perform judicial service in our State. He closes his career with credit and honor to himself; honor to the bar and honor to the people of this State, and in defiance of all predictions of oblivion for lawyers and judges, it is my belief that the record of such judicial service as I have flastily and imperfectly sketched, cannot fail to transmit to generations beyond ours the unimpeachable fame of the upright and successful judge, the exemplary citizen and the Christian gentleman.

"In conclusion I wish to express the earnest hope that our honored guest may have many remaining years of comfort and happiness, cheered and blessed by the pleasant memories of his stainless life of usefulness and honor, and realize the truth of the poet's lines:

> 'For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress.
> And as the evening twilight fades away,
> The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.' "

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